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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

# CHESHIRE.

OCCASIONAL AND OTHER

# POEMS, AND ESSAYS,

BY T. C. Stewart

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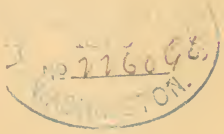
T. H. AND C. F. STEWART.

PASSAIC, N. J.

1876.



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# PREFACE.

I believe it was Lord Bacon, who said, "three things are requisite to the making of a man," and whether that noble philosopher was right or not, my readers are as competent to judge, as I am, but while two of these, were with me, accomplished facts, the third, namely, "to write a book," had never entered into my plans. Most of my writings, the inspirations or offshoots of idle hours, have been sent out as waifs upon the literary common, and I have neither retained the originals, nor preserved copies, but probably the best, if there is any choice, are spread along these pages.

I am aware that a good preface,—usually written by a friend,—helps to give currency to a book, and my first thought was to make it ALL preface, but I have no such friend to call upon, and besides, have a fancy for pet names. In digging the cellar for my house, as the workmen struck into the shale rock, a stream of water gushed forth, at which I exclaimed

CHESHMEH, * imagining we had indeed pierced a fountain. It proved to be one having only an occasional flow, but in my delight I gave that name to my residence, which in many happy respects, bears fruit to the credit of its christening, and in sending out this edition, I have not been confident of continuing to write, nevertheless, to provide for such a possibility, I have resolved to send it forth, bearing the same baptismal sobriquet.

* Persian word for Fountain.

Note.—An apology is due for typographical, and other errors.

# Fifty Years Ago.

## A Reminiscence.

Some of my older readers will remember the time when it was no extraordinary thing to see on the front of a store, in conspicuous letters, W. I Goods, and they will also recall that these consisted mainly of rum from St. Croix and Jamaica, and molasses from Porto Rico, and many eminently pious tradesmen furnished their customers with these liquids. Sam Scranton had spent a cold December afternoon at the village store and had imbibed freely of these goods, and on his way home had collided with a thorn bush, which well nigh ruined his only pair of pantaloons, and Betty, good natured hard-working wife that she was, had rolled out her work table, an inverted flour barrel, lighted the tallow candle, threaded her needle, and giving Sam the warmest corner by the fire to snooze in under bare poles had

begun the work of renovation, when a tap at the door aroused them. Who on earth can be coming now? Betty opened the door. "Good evening Elder Kneeland, walk right in." Sam was in a dilemma, no time to be wasted and no retreat but at the side door that opened on the icy margin of Tuckers mill pond and out he bolted. Betty was in a flutter, but the kind-hearted Elder naturally attributed it to the fact of his visit, which was at least unusual at such an hour, and after enquiring about the general health of the family he sat at ease. I am not aware if either Sam or Betty had ever been submerged, but their residence was on the brink of deep waters, and they attended on the Elder's ministrations and therefore they might properly be said to be nominal Baptists, and he had kindly spread over them the mantle of his parochial regard. In that early day those never-to-be-forgotten works of Henry Fielding Tobias Smollett and Laurence Sterne had not pierced the pine forests of Voluntown, but by some chance there had come, one copy each of those fascinating tales, Dunallen and the Vicar of Wakefield, and these had been loaned through the town and passed from hand to hand among the factory girls until a considerable share of the grease of the mills had been transferred to the leaves, and

the charms of the narrations were on every tongue. We were on the verge of a "revival," and that great work could not be pushed on until these WORKS OF FICTION were suppressed. That faithful preacher always timed himself, whether at prayer or discourse, and taking out his silver cased bull's eye he laid it on his palm and began to oscillate his thumb across the crystal, and having put on a demure look he began : My dear Mrs. Scranton, I regret that your husband is not present with us to night, as I wish to call attention to an undermining influence that is making rapid strides in our midst to the great hindrance of our labors. I allude of course to these WORKS OF FICTION. They divert the mind from holier thoughts, encroach on the understanding, and tend greatly to the breaking down of our aims at higher aspirations. Will not you, Mrs. Scranton, lend your influence in our endeavors to check this great moral and social evil? Betty, now listening to the learned preacher, and now thinking of shivering Sam outside, was in that mental state that lacks clear perception, and is as likely to bear thought to the wrong, as the right goal, yet, nothing daunted, the cauldron of her brain was boiling to steam forth as soon as the elder should pause; and that devout man by a sort of instinct, saw that

she was on the wrong tack, and seeing also that it would be perilous to check her, he settled back in his seat with a wondering stare that so much eloquence could be evoked while the thread of discourse had gone through the eye of the wrong needle. All you say Elder Kneeland, is good and I agree with every word of it: and oh how often I've wished we had some of those good people of old who went into the fields and sowed tares, but what can I dew? All my life long and my mother before me, we've been obliged to tend to this work of fixing, and it has just been fixing, fixing, fixing, till I sometimes feel like saying with the old Scotchman's wife, "let old clo gang to the de'il, and them that won't work and get new ones may e'en go bare." Sam wont work and the girls mus'nt go ragged, and here I be. Would you believe it Elder Kneeland, this very night, when I thought we was all right for Christmas, home comes Sam, drunk as usual, and right up here by the Indian's oven he blunders into the thorns, and now just look, and she held the breeches up before him. "Why where is your husband?" eagerly asked the Elder. Betty slightly winked, and by a twist of her hand made her thumb to indicate the door, "with nothing but his shirt and coat." "In the cold," exclaimed the

parson: "I'll go directly. give him his trousers and let him in at once." Sam, who had an ear at the latch hole, shouted back ,"You're right, Elder, give me my britches; I don't care a d—n whether they're fixed or not, I'm freezing."

They are gone, and their descendants are scattered, but wherever they are they have my best wishes for success in life and a happy immortality. The good kind Elder embarked for the better land many years ago: Betty struggled through many vicissitudes, but her end was peaceful, every burden was lifted at her sunset, and she was laid to rest in the soil of the hillside where laurels grew. Sam survived her, but not long enough to loose his partiality for West India goods, nor his indifference to WORKS OF FICTION.

## MY PHOTOGRAPH.

To gratify a few fond friends,
For so my fancy sometimes tends,
I sat me down;
The skies were clear, no fault was there,
But streaks of gray were in my hair,
And such a frown,
Without a tint of modest grace,
Let loose its wrinkles o'er my face
And thus it drew,
I have no wish to work disguise,
And so, a copy of the prize
I send to you.
Haply from sources paraphernal
We draw some features not external,
Somewhat t'atone,
But time is ever on the wing,
And even these to which we cling,
Are not our own.
The bird that spreads the gayest wings,
Is not the bird that sweetest sings,
Nor yet that soars

To regions adding azzure hue,
But far beneath the ether blue
We meet by scores.
Enough for me, I'll ne'er complain
That I've no links in beauty's chain,
It is not deep;
The merest scratch below the skin,
Will show how very, very thin
Its currents sweep.

## LOOKING BACK.

How precious the garlands that cluster and shine,
How charming the vista appears,
When memory opens her bountiful mine,
Undimn'd by the twilight of years.

Some lights and some shadows in mingled rosette,
Long faded but cherished as dear,
Some few that alas we would gladly forget,
And some perhaps costing a tear.

Some friendships that served as a lamp to our way
Whose smiles like the morning's bright beam,
Seemed e'en our night shadows to melt into day,
The sorrows of life to a dream.

Sweet memories, fadeless, but melowed by time,
With rays like the iris of dawn,
Still dear to my heart as in moments of prime,
Bright treasures of years that are gone.

O come to me oft when my harp is in tune,
Your charms shall its murmurs prolong,
Nor frosts of December nor sunshine of June
Shall hinder the notes of my song.

## CHANGING HUES.

The autumn tints are far and wide,
O'er shrub and bloom and leaves,
And fields that smiled in summer's pride
Now weep in golden sheaves.

Soon over vale and slope and steep,
In wild and angry roar,
The frozen drops and gales will sweep
Along the wintry shore.

E'en so life's autumn comes apace,
To spread o'er all we prize,
Its chill and wan and withering trace,
And thus our season flies.

Gently from out the beck'ning sky,
In robes of beauty dress'd,
An angel spirit hovers nigh,
And bids us seek its rest.

O they who walk by faith below,
Groping through darkness drear,
Sh ll find fair Canaan greener grow,
Soon as its shores appear.

## TO A BAPTIST CLERGYMAN,

**Who invited me to his Society's Tea Party.**

I may not bathe in billows deep,
  Yet prize the ocean's roar;
My casket holds no rarer gems
  Than sparkle near the shore.

I love the rock-bound mountain gush,
  The pebbly brook through Kedron's vales,
Where gentle maidens dip their feet,
  And weary age regales.

Abana, Pharpar, Naaman's pride,
  Euphrates, Job's grand watering pool,
And Jordan, lovely, sacred stream,
  And Enon's springs so cool.

No wonder that great preacher, John,
  Held his camp-meetings there,
By Jordan's banks and Enon's springs,
  In fresh fanned mountain air.

And O the well, the dear old well,
  Samaria's daughters show;
Good father Jacob dug that well,
  Four thousand years ago.

If streams on earth are healing streams,
What must the fountain be,
From which that stream, that crystal stream,
Forever flows so free.

## STRIKING OUT.

With hats just cok'd at tip-poise,
They heard their comrade say,
I'm off for England now boys,
My ship is in the bay.

So young, so gay, so true to,
His mother's darling pride,
I wondered if she knew to,
What dangers might betide.

But that's the order now days,
The rough highway to fame ;
Our boys must carve their own ways,
For glory or for shame.

And that's the way their paths lie,
At every turn a snare,
But He who hears the birds cry,
Will list a mother's prayer.

# Looking Upward.

O when, Thou great Father, O when shall it be,
Life's sorrows behind and the jasper in view :
If not in Thy written word where may we see,
A guide for the journey we fain would pursue?

We know there's a fountain, exhaustless and pure,
Around which the angels unceasingly sing;
And gladly would reach thro' the pathless obscure,
That home for the soul when the spirit takes wing.

We care not for mystical shadows and types,
Those faint revelations for ages gone by,
We ask not the martyrs who yielded to stripes,
To purchase their rest in the mansion on high.

We ask not the learned in ethical lore,
The wise and the simple alike may be blind ;
And nature, that opens a bountiful store,
Is dim in its teachings to erring mankind.

But give us the volume that tells us so plain,
Of hope and salvation through grace that is free,
The life and the death of the Lamb that was slain,
His cross and the crown are sufficient for me.

Unaided by creeds and unfettered by clans,
That chart for our faith, the free gift of His love,
Unerringly guides to the fountain that spans,
The measureless dome of the azzure above.

## TO AN UNFORGOTTEN SHADE.

Yon hillock covered o'er with vines,
By far off Yantic streams,
Holds something that forever shines,
And comes to me in dreams.

I wonder if the old elm trees,
And larch and spruce are there,
As when upon the summer breeze,
They cast their perfumes rare.

I wonder if the crimson rose,
That blossomed all the year,
Still watches o'er the gem's repose,
Or if 'tis in the sere.

Sweet spirit, pure in beauty's beams,
Once blithe and bright and cannie,
Still come to me in pleasant dreams,
My peerless darling, Annie.

# A Dream,

**For Charlie to recite at School.**

O it was but a dream, and yet it would seem,
My heart was awake while my thoughts were in dream.
I dreamed that our Principal, not very old,
Turned gray, when he found he was left in the cold.

I dreamed that a column of scholars and teachers,
Marched in like a troop of itinerant preachers,
Each stoutly disclaiming intentional sin,
And wondering why there were none to chip in.

Now every one knows, or at least so they say,
Old Santa retires at the breaking of day,
We saw him go by with his basket of stores,
From which he had poured them by dozens and scores.

That mythy old Saint is capricious we know,
And oft where he ought he refuses to go,
Sometimes he will hit and sometimes he may miss,
But how could he make such a blunder as this ?

How often the best of us fail though we try ?
  How vain to lament when our chance has gone by.
How many are favored, yet how many more,
  Go empty away from a bountiful store ?

O it was but a dream, not a sylable spoke ;
  My heart was all right, for the moment I woke,
Away went my wish with the speed of a hound,
  For teachers, and scholars, a Christmas all round.

# Sunrise.

There is but one spot on the face of the earth,
Where sunrise is cloudless all seasons of year:
The home of our childhood, the place of our birth:
We bid that adieu and the gray clouds appear.

O sweet to look backward unfettered by gloom,
And wander, in fancy, o'er scenes that we knew.
And catch from the hillsides the fragrance of bloom
As there it came freshly oozed out through the dew.

A charm beyond telling, so sweetly inclines,
Unheeding the years that have since intervened,
To link every garland that memory twines,
The bright ones unfolding, the darker all screened.

But tell me O tell me, if ever was sheen,
All pure in its glow, like a maiden's first vow,
From skies of my childhood to manhood between,
As that which comes in at my casement just now.

The Palisade woodlands are panoplied over,
With silver and crimson and golden and blue,
And there comes the day-orb as gay as a rover,
Refresh'd by his slumbers, just wallowing through.

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

### Surrounded by Gray Heads.

I would not, I could not presume to offend,
The joy and the pride of a long valued friend:
And so, if my minstrel refused to be still,
You'll surely forgive me, I know that you will.

A daisy in freshness amid autumn leaves,
A bud of the spring among ripening sheaves,
Right gladly my muse, on the morning's gay wing,
Flies off to thy casement one moment to sing.

Life laden with treasures from fountains and mines,
In beckoning sweetness unceasingly shines,
Yet what would life be, e'en its sunniest day,
If daisies were not sometimes twined with the gray.

I looked at thy peach blossom face in the throng,
And off went my heart to the fountain of song,
If haply to cull just a couplet or line,
A wreath to lay down at the foot of thy shrine.

God send thee his smile, every ill to atone,
With light streaming down from the radiant zone,
To guide thee and cheer thee aloof from all fears,
And crown thee with blessings in ripening years.

# To My Sister.

Love stretched its wings to Albion's shore,
And saw thee down the current glide;
Love saw thee bend the taffrail o'er,
And drop a tear in Mersey's tide:

Then outward through the dancing foam,
On trusty keel and breezes fair,
One only thought, that distant home,
With all the sweets that cluster there.

Love gently watched thee all the while,
Following close along thy track,
List O list love's cheer and smile,
Welcome wanderer, welcome back.

The journey o'er, the harbor won,
Thanks to the Master and the crew,
O when this voyage of life is done,
So may we find our home in view.

# Wading.

Fountain, pond, or running brook, and even the puddle in the road. There is a fascination about water, that greets pleasantly at every twirl of life's stage. To me it was always a charm: not when spread out to an ocean, for in that pool I have cast much that I have no wish to recall, but in its smaller reservoirs of joy. Near by our old homestead was one of the loveliest of ponds, and its outlet was an enchanting stream that swept along a deflection of beautiful pebbles, through a cluster of alders and down the meadow, where it was lost in the parent river. That current was the playfellow of my boyhood, and I have waded it until I verily believe my feet have pressed every pebble in its bed. The pond was an oblong basin which received the back water from a mill-pond when the mill was not running, and consequently it rose and fell with the tide of industry, and in these transitions dwelt mainly its ever varying charms. On the rocks by its mar-

gin, lovers sat and wooed through summer evening hours, it was a wading place for the boys, and we claimed it as our swimming school. Was it to be wondered at that the sound of merry voices there, should arouse an urchin like me?

It was a bright sunny afternoon as I sat on the door yard fence waiting for something to turn up, listening. I heard a rasping sound from the mill, Uncle Thaddy was filing his saw, and of course the gates were down and the water would soon be flowing into the little bay; a moment more, and sounds of merry mirth came over the alders, and shouts of glee told plainly that fun was in its glory. I slid, or rather tumbled from the fence and ran; louder and louder came the shouts, as faster and faster I ran, but I did not understand them, and became conscious only as, emerging from the alders I stood on the very brink of the pond. A dozen voices were screeching, "I'll tell your mother of you as sure as I live, you awful wretch." I was innocent, but dared not stop to prove it; would gladly have apologized, but it would not do to delay: and my retreat accelerated by apparitions of palm and birch that haunted me, was as precipitate as my advance. A single glance dispelled my illusion, and told the story.

The young ladies of the village had watched us in our sports there, and no longer able to resist the temptation to try again their own childhood's joy, counting on immunity because of numbers, had gone down, and leaving their shoes on the rocks had waded in, accommodating their calico to the rising of the waters, and were having a glorious time, and the deeper they waded the louder they yelled.

Whether the young ladies made good their threat on me, I never knew, but think, perhaps they concluded that the mishap had better not be to much ventilated.

# "Sparking"

## IN THE OLDEN TIME.

They were straight forward happy people, those early New Englanders, simple in their manners, in their habits frugal, they opened their furrows with prayer and cast their seed with faith, their harvests were gathered with cheer, and love was the cliptic that lifted them lightly along their rocky roadways.

When 'Squire Boardman's son Hezekiah went over to make his first call on Mary Elizabeth, Deacon Lester met him at the door and invited him in without a suspicion of what his errand might be, but a gentle nudge by Mrs. Lester, aroused him at once to the dignity of the occasion. Mary had caught a glimpse of Hezekiah as he crossed the meadow, and had slipped a clean cloth on the table in the east room, had set back the trenchers and got out their nice blue edged crockery, had added a dish of quince preserves to the apple sauce already ladled, the butter was of her own churning, and the deacon always provided the best of bohea. The smoking shortcake and gingerbread were brought in and Mrs Lester had only to say, "our tea is ready wont you walk out with us." Mary had on her new speckled

calico frock and dimity vandyke, and Hezekiah his bleached cotton shirt with a cambric collar, (linen was not then in general use,) and his hair was combed faultlessly. "Bose" may have observed it, for dogs have acute perceptions, but no human eye saw those two pairs of knees weaken as they were gathered under the damask. A blessing was invoked, the repast went off pleasantly and the deacon went to his "chores," while Mrs. Lester "cleared off the tea things." Mary led her lover to the south parlor where a cheerful fire blazed on the recently scoured brass and-irons. It would not be fair to follow the young couple there, nor even conjecture the pleasant scene illumined by the glowing embers, those who have passed through the ordeal, are perfectly well aware that few occasions if any, are more trying, (for both are trying.) than when a youthful pair are inaugurating their courting career ; a little farther on in the comedy, when they get face to face, the scenes change wonderfully.

If I remember rightly, it was the custom in the olden time, to furnish for such interviews, a candle of not more than a finger's length to indicate the time for closing the conference, and if they went over they must needs feel their way in the dark but my belief is that in nine cases out of every ten, in-

stead of missing, they ultimately reached the desired goal.

Every omen was favorable and it was proper they should have a definite understanding and Hezekiah "proposed." Mary Elizabeth blushed, brushed a tear and hesitated, it was but for a moment, and only to devise a suitable manner for naming a stipulation which she had determined to have ratified in advance, and how she managed it I have never been told, but true to her religious training and vows, she fulfilled her promise and secured it, simply this ; in the event of offspring they should, like themselves, bear scriptural names.

It was the happiest family I ever knew. They were blest alternately, Moses and Naomi and Samuel and Ruth, and I have no doubt it was their purpose to honor Boaz, and possibly the mother of Zebedee's children, but these, like many other interesting periodicals, were discontinued.

# My Birthday.

This very same date, fifty six years ago,
I think I was strangely benighted:
Nor can I tell now though others may know,
What moment the candle was lighted.

A vague recollection of hurry and bustle,
And driving pell mell down the road,
And old mother Hutchinson's calico rustle,
As into the chamber she strode.

My vision was dim then not yet quite developed,
Or haply I more could recall,
But orders were issued and I was enveloped,
A parcel, remarkably small.

In looking back now I am somewhat dismayed,
To think how I hurried along,
For truly I wish the affair had delayed,
At least twenty years good and strong.

But so it came round, and I never enquired,
If others were suited or not,
Just simply obeyed as the summons required,
And forthwith appeared on the spot.

Let time tell the story for good or for ill,
I court neither favor nor frown,
Unaided I've climbed to the top of the hill,
And may as well toddle on down.

## TO A LADY ON HER WEDDING DAY.

They tell of a valley with beautiful streams,
Whose margins are covered with flowers,
Where true lovers wander by moonlight in dreams,
And feast on the fruits of its bowers.

The road to that valley is shaded from view,
With its windings no path can compare,
And the name of that valley no mortal e'er knew,
But longed for the gems which are there.

They say there are pleasures in endless supply,
And grottos and fountains and springs,
Could angels but know they would drop from the sky,
Forgetting they ever had wings.

All this is ideal, utopian, not true,
And often the picture the longing heart cloys,
And yet there's a valley delightful all through.
The nearer you view it the brighter its joys.

Its current flows on in a widening stream,
Its blossoms are fragrant in sunshine and shower,
Its treasures are sweet as the wildest day-dream.
Its trellis is love, and the heart is its bower.

In the bliss of the tie that unites to my friend.
God send thee purest that fancy allures,
And the prayer of my heart shall devoutly ascend,
That the sweets of both valleys may always be yours.

## Mount Misery.

Dear wonder of my childhood, haunt of my youth; there it stands, with its turtle form, its bleak white granite summit and its shrub-oak chevaux-de frise. It was in the shadow of its eastern slope, in

the tangles of the wintergreen that my first love budded and the blossom has been perennial. The cranberry bog and the meadows, the cedar swamp and the trout brook, they are all there yet, and hard by is the gurgling spring, on the margin of which stood the thatch, and beside it the scalene garden of Simeon Stevens. Alas, the thatch is decayed, the garden overgrown, and Simeon sleeps. It was at the obsequies of his first-born I made my debut a la funeral. How vividly do I remember his words of solace to the sharer of his sorrows: "Dont mourn, Chloe you'll have another." Grief was not ostentatious, impudent, presuming, in those days; it was earnest but quiet. No tassels flaunted their hideous black plumes from the hearse top, and no scarfs were paraded to decorate imaginary mourners. The village carpenter was the sexton, and down the seam of his trousers, where the boys now carry their revolvers, he stowed his two foot rule, and he could measure for a casket with a preciseness that wasted no lumber.

Near by, was the farm where we grew. The smell of the pines and the fragrance of clover fields come to me yet, and the robin and blue bird are singing there still. It is partly illusion, it is not the same, it is changed. When I gazed it was with

infancy's eyes. The landscape is narrower than my remembrance and the rock crest scarce half so high The spring gurgles on and the wintergreen berry is scarlet as then, but the girl that dipped water and picked at my side has passed to the skies.

O Youth, what a lexicon dazzling and bright.
What visions enchanting envelop our sight!
What dreams of the future, what bliss of to day,
How fondly alluring they glow on our way.

O Age, what a chasm unmeasured and wide.
Save only by lapse, must forever divide,
'Twixt hopes that have dawned unfetter'd by fears.
And joys that have faded through ripening years.

O Life, what a treasure if guided aright!
How many still wander to darkness and blight!
How much of our actual tends to decay!
How distant fruition when false hopes betray!

O Time, what changes thy sickle reveals!
How oft obtrude scars where thine influence heals!
Away with this real, give me in its stead,
My dreams by that Mount with the white granite
head.

# A Valentine.

On wings elate to win and mate,
This winter morning's May,
From out the brake the birds awake,
And sing their wedding lay.

This day most dear of all the year,
In love's bright spring time sky,
Still brings me back in wonted track,
To breathe another sigh.

But yesternight the song-bird's flight,
Was poised on drooping wing,
Now with the morn he laughs to scorn,
The north wind's piercing sting.

So even I would outward fly,
Nor heed the idle throng,
To bask an hour beneath thy bower,
And sing my whilome song.

O that my breast were song-bird's nest,
Wanton and wild with glee,
I'd give its prime of joyous chime,
My sweet sweet girl to thee.

The gent'lest strain of love's refrain,
My lute's mid-summer tone,
Through shade and sheen my Fancy's Queen,
Should trill for thee alone.

And now dear sweet in kindness greet,
If so thy heart incline,
With gentle cheers lull all my fears,
And be my Valentine.

# Eden.

O yes! It was lovely till blotch'd by the fall:
Its perfume was sweet over valley and hill;
And e'en in its shadow hung fragrance o'er all.
For Eve and the Cherubs were beautiful still.

# Winter Night.

Sweet hour of rest, sweet evening hour,
The family group sits by ;
In vain the storm clouds darkly lower,
His sheltering hand is nigh.

Impatience yields when mild replies,
Emit their healing ray,
As clouds that darken youthful skies,
In lovelight melt away.

Gay smiles and cheer the blasts assail,
Brightly our ingle burns,
And laughs to scorn the wheezing gale,
The frosted casement spurns.

Thus o'er the arid sands of life,
Some fresh green spots appear,
And spread mid scenes of jar and strife,
Their bright oasis there.

O cheering thought ! when o'er the stream,
A clear meridian ray,
Will burst to melt life's night of dream,
In blissful, endless day.

## Hymn.

Give me to live that inner life,
The worldling never knows
Secure from envy hate and strife,
And purest at its close.

Give me to feel that all I am,
Or e'er may hope to be,
I owe to that dear precious name,
Inscribed on Calvary.

Give me to die the death of those
Whose hopes are fixed in Thee,
Then shall I meet that last of foes,
From every murmur free.

This conscious trust shall be my stay,
Shall smoothe my couch of pain,
That Jesus's blood hath wash'd away,
My every guilty stain.

O that soul animating beam,
Shall cheer my journey o'er,
And make the waves of death's cold stream,
Radiant from shore to shore.

# Yes, I Miss You.

The skies are of azzure, the woodlands are green,
The landscape is lovely and all is serene,
Yet often I find myself heaving a sigh,
While something in whispers is asking me why
Do I miss you?

Alike amid hurry and bustle and toil,
Or watching the blades as they break through the soil,
List'ning to voices whose tumult is high,
Or gazing at crowds as they dance along by,
Still I miss you.

If gay ones or merry are far off or near,
Or music delights as it melts on the ear,
The carol of birds, and I love their refrain,
Still, mystery lurks which I cannot explain,
And I miss you.

Gay blossoms may cheer with their fragrance
awhile,
And sunbeams of morning salute with a smile,
But when the night shadows lock hillside and glen,
And dew-drops are falling, my darling 'tis then,
I most miss you.

Absent or present each throb of my heart,
Beats outward and onward wherever thou art.
Not distance nor time, with their mellowing ray,
Can stifle one throb I am winging away,
For I miss you.

## MY FADED FLOWER.

I love to sit beside that mound,
And call her sainted spirit near;
To me it is enchanted ground,
No spot on earth I hold so dear.

I love to think of precious days,
Of health and bloom in graceful twine,
I love to think her peaceful ways,
In brighter worlds will ever shine,

My faith anticipates the glow,
To one sweet hope my thoughts incline,
That what I loved but lost below,
In purer realms will yet be mine.

I know that years must swell the tide,
That covers o'er the ages gone,
E'er yet aurora's chariot ride,
The mists that shroud the looked for dawn.

But o'er the buried loves that sleep,
There is a glow of deathless reign,
An eye unseen will vigil keep,
A voice will bid them live again.

And that sweet form will yet resume,
Each feature in new beauty made,
And rays of heavenly light illume,
The sleeping dust in greenwood shade.

## UNFALTERING TRUST.

I know there is laid up for me,
A crown of matchless sheen;
That fadeless gem I soon shall see,
Though death must intervene.

I know that my Redeemer waits,
My coming, in the skies;
I soon shall see the Pearly Gates,
He soon will bid me rise.

I soon shall join the shining fold,
Thither my thoughts take wing,
I hear them strike their harps of gold,
I know the songs they sing.

Dear Saviour on thy precious grace,
My hopes securely rest;
My faith beholds thy smiling face,
And all my aims are blest.

## TO ——

Fair Lady, on this festal day,
  This wedding day of thine,
My muse would fain awhile be gay,
  And seek thy gentle shrine.

Not to disdain what others bring,
  Of gems and garlands rare,
Content to say some pleasing thing,
  And gain a welcome there.

O could I fly, and pierce the sky,
  Would bring bright trophies down,
Would seize a flower from Eden's bower,
  Thy nuptial feast to crown.

May health and wealth and every grace,
  In overflowing stream,
Through rosy meads a pathway trace,
  Thy wildest fancy's dream.

May he whose pride makes thee his bride,
  Each day new charms discover,
Ne'er turn aside nor ever chide,
  Through years remain the lover.

To glad the heart may grace impart,
That boon above all praise,
Which ne'er beguiles with idle wiles,
But leads in wisdom's ways.

O may this day, thy wedding day,
The morning iris prove,
The dawning ray that lights the way,
To a long feast of love.

All these, and more for thee and thine,
And smiling skies attend,
Along thy journey ever shine,
And cheer the journey's end.

God grant thee when the goal is past,
And all these ties are riven,
To reach the pearly gates at last,
With every fault forgiven.

## TO THREE LADIES

IN RETURN FOR A VISIT.

It is said there are angels that hover so near,
We almost reach upward and touch them;
I am sure if there were, whatever their sphere,
With these three around, they would clutch them.

With features so winning, with love beaming eyes,
Without any pinions for soaring,
Each one of the trio would bear off a prize,
Contented all fetters ignoring.

Now widows have charms that will always appear,
While many lament that they lack them;
The reason is ample, and perfectly clear,—
They know our weak points and attack them.

There are ladies whose faces so sunny and bright,
By so many graces attended,
We know we shall meet them in regions of light,
As soon as their journey is ended.

I would not presume by prolonging the strain,
Am happy such pleasure elates you,
Am charmed when you say you are coming again,
And the heartiest greeting awaits you.

## TO THE SHADE OF

## Sumner.

We may not, we cannot regard them as naught,
And blot out and banish all trace from the mind,
The scenes which have served as our lighthouse to thought,
Where destiny's furrow was ploughed for mankind.

Not e'en when the light of life's candle grows dim,
And everything round us is shrouded in gloom,
And such was the death-rocked emotion in him,
As waking he turned from the beckoning tomb.

O lift up my head, was the senator's prayer:
Once more would I look on that beautiful dome:
Pride of my country! farewell to thy glare,
Till viewed from the mount of my heavenly home.

He looked, and his eyelids were drooped by the blaze,
And friends who were watching drew near him to weep,
His twilight went down in the mists of its haze,
While lyrics of angels were lulling to sleep.

## HOW DID HE KNOW?

They say that a watch dog's career,
Winds up when he ceases to wag;
A wheel-barrow serves for a bier,
His coffin, just simply a bag.

He's done, when his watching is o'er,
No kennel is built in the sky;
His soul is a myth, nothing more,
And thus the poor fellow goes by.

And yet, there are two legged beasts,
Without any graces to spare,
Who speak of the heavenly feasts.
As if they were already there!

Aroused from my slumbers just now,
I ran to the casement to see,
What started my Todo's bow-wow,
And thought, what the deuce can it be?

A bird in the old willow tree,
That shelters my library door,
Was chirping in merriest glee,
Of something approaching three score.

Is't fair an old lion should be,
Disturbed in his slumbers just when,
In dreams he reposes so free,
And bearded in front of his den?

If longitude figures out square,
And surely I think mine in shape,
There remain at least three seasons fair,
E'er yet I shall double that cape.

O Time, when thy scythe's at a stand,
That crooks to my destiny's day,
Pray strike with unfaltering hand,
And beckon me gently away.

# The Reunion.

There's not a tree, or shrub, or flower,
Or tuft or grassy blade,
That blossoms in the springtide hour,
In sunshine or in shade,
That sheds a perfume half so sweet,
As when two souls in concord meet.

Too oft a cloud so very thin,
As scarce to be discerned,
Will grow, and well a torrent in;
Sad lesson to be learned:
And so, life's currents all be changed,
Till hearts that loved become estranged.

I think of two, 'twas sweet to see,
In the same cradle rock,
They grew upon the selfsame tree,
The tree of family stock;
Were swaddled in the same old sheets,
Yet knew not each along the streets.

At length their ramparts' gray oblique,
Were hung in white array,

And now they journey "jowl by cheek,"
And happy on their way:
May the same wrappings serve their day,
And fold them when they're rocked away.

## THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

I know that he loves me, for oft at the shrine,
Where our mutual longings repair,
I know that his spirit is answering mine,
For I oft hear it whispering there.

I know he is noble and manly and true,
And down in the depths of his heart,
A chamber encloses what no one may view,
A secret he will not impart.

I know there's a mystery cannot be solved,
Till he opens that chamber to me;
And more to his peace in that impulse involved,
Than he dreams of or ever may see.

And yet he permits me in sadness to pine,
And to ponder in sorrow alone,
When a word or a look could forever entwine,
Every pulse of my soul with his own.

## TO — — —

Beautiful Bride, O come to the shrine,
Come, and thy treasure bestow,
Streams are gushing for thee and for thine,
Come while the fount is aglow.

Welcome the peal of the wedding chime,
And the altar's lamps ablaze,
Omen of sweets from the treasure clime,
When a cheerful heart obeys.

Beautiful Bride, 'tis the rosy time,
Of love in its morning beam,
Of life and bloom in their blushing prime,
And hope in its bright day dream.

Mystic shadows are hovering now,
Voices strange, but soft and sweet,
Telling the wealth of a maiden's vow,
That none but the chaste should greet.

Beautiful Bride, our prayer shall be,
For halcyon skies and fair,
For gentle gales and an easy sea,
And all that is fresh and rare.

Thy wedded life have an Eden ray,
That glows as the seasons roll,
And cloudless wear, like a summer's day,
And win at the Eden goal.

## TO FANNIE.

The twilight is o'er and the laborer rests,
Merry and weary are slumbering now;
The flocks in their fold and the birds in their nest,
Bud of my fancy, O whither art thou?

Thought seizes pinions and hastens in flight,
Winging o'er hilltops where visions allure,
Finds thee enveloped in shadows of night,
Cosily dreaming in corner secure.

Ah, but they tell me our sunniest day,
Often has shadows that lurk in the glare,
And many wiles for the heart that is gay,
Murkily wait in the mesh of the snare.

Bud of my fancy, and yet not my own,
Link'd by a tie that forever endears,
Long may the light of a radiant zone,
Blushingly glow on thy blossoming years.

## TO MR. AND MRS. H.

ON HEARING OF THEIR "MAMIE'S" DEATH.

Where shade and sheen in concert meet,
The bow of hope is born ;
And death is but the shadow's greet,
To hail the radiant morn.

One golden beam, one cheering thought,
Dear precious bird of love,
Are in this web of sorrow wrought,
Thy trust was fixed above.

A bud so sweet and yet so frail,
Was never meant to be,
Drifting along through calm and gale,
O'er life's uneven sea.

Thus while we mourn thy early doom,
Hope's cheering wings are given,
And faith looks out beyond the gloom,
And finds thee safe in heaven.

# First and Last.

These twin adjectives, of kindred emotions but opposite tempers, hold singular charms in their occasional embrace. The wealth of a mother's love is showered on her first-born, and the last baby in a family, like the "titman" among quadrupeds, gives occasion for more squealing than all its predecessors so much so, that I have sometimes thought it might have been a good arrangement in nature, to average families at a half dozen, and let them all start their career together, but perhaps the present method is the best. An incident of my first ocean voyage comes drifting back on the tide of memory. One of our passengers was a spinster who had weathered some forty winters, and of course had reached what is called the crochety meridian. A lunch was set as we passed down the bay, of which all partook freely, and none more so than the aforesaid spinster. Half an hour later, we had crossed the bar, and were pitching and tossing on a chopping sea, and while the writer of this essay was enacting a jetson, it was no small relief to see that maiden, equally lively in getting cargo overboard. Poor thing, she

soon caved in and retreated to her stateroom. The Highlands were rapidly receding from view, and a few of the not yet nauseated, came running back, "dear Miss Fletcher, do come out and take one last look at the green shore we are leaving." Dont talk to me of green things, said she, "just look in that basin: and as to last looks, the only one I want is a look at the last of those biscuits and prunes, for I feel as the shoemaker did when he pitched the wooden eliptic aside after pegging on it all day."

It was an old town, once thrifty, and the large gambrel roofed mansions with huge brass knockers on the front doors, are standing there yet, to attest its primitive grandeur, but that great leveller, the steam horse has opened a roadway behind it, and its commerce is gone. Mr. Bigelow was the last of the opulent merchants who kept their shingles to the weather, and even his trade had narrowed to some "few choice liquors for medicinal and communion purposes," and that hardly any longer remunerative he gave it up and joined the church, but that other and greater leveller at length overtook him and he succombed, leaving Mrs. Bigelow with a comfortable income and five children, one of which was like that early christian martyr's, at the breast, and the eldest, a lovely girl of eighteen summers.

So many of the young men of that old town had gone west or elsewhere, and so many beautiful girls were blossoming out, that it required some degree of management on the part of the maternal leaders to dispose of their daughters genteelly, for every matron was on the alert, so that Mrs. Bigelow was disinclined to make a protracted display of weeds, to the detriment of Lucy's chances, and in just one year, to a day, her crape and tabs were laid aside, although it had been whispered that the violence of grief had subsided at a considerably earlier period of her widowhood. Gossip, always nimble, had it that the services of Miss Ketchum, the dress-maker had been secured sometime in advance and she had already been three weeks under the widows roof when the habillements of sorrow were withdrawn.

It was an event, and a big one to Lucy; a week had hot quite elapsed since Miss K. had rolled up her bundle and left the house, Lucy's frocks had all been "let down" and she had bade adieu to short dresses and pantalettes forevor and forever. The parlor lamp was now lighted every evening, and curious eyes watched the widow's windows, nor was the outlook less mindful, for by some strange instinct both she and Lucy knew every swallow-tail and every pair of cassimeres in the town, and if the

truth must be told, George Newton's seemed to have more loadstone about them than any others. Six days in long dresses, sighed Lucy, and not one call; be patient darling, said Mrs. B. the world was not made in a day; I know it said Lucy but it only took about a week; true darling, said Mrs. B. and who knows but you may have a visit this very evening? Whew! what a flutter! hardly were the words uttered, when "Teddy" who was peaking at the window, exclaimed "tumbody tummin." and the next instant that old brass knocker thumped. Mrs. B. started Ted for his trundle and hurried to the door, as Lucy began to smooth the folds of her De Lain. There was a hitch in the latch, and may be there was'nt some inside swearing: at last it turned. "Whoy Mr. Newton! walk in." Poor George, that last twist had taken all the tuck out of him, and he could barely articulate, "ith Mith Luthy 'at home?" Poor Lucy! she had heard his question, and may be she was'nt in a flutter as she met him and handed him the babyjumper instead of a chair. Ye he he, giggled Mrs. B. "probably Mr. Newton would prefer the sofa." Everybody knows, that blunders will occur even in well regulated families, and everybody also knows that the first key-note struck in social calls, (usually the weather,) that is

the theme for the occasion, and now it was the baby jumper. After helping Lucy out of her dilemma, and seeing that the younger fry were stowed away, Mrs. B. remembered she had to run down to Mr. Longstreets for a few moments. She was gone one hour by the clock, and when she returned there sat Lucy, with the sofa pillow in her arms rocking, the dew streaming from her eyes and nose. What is the matter darling? eagerly asked Mrs. B. "gor gor George is gone." Well what has he done? 'O nothing, he was very gentlemanly." Well what are you holding that pillow for? "Cause George was leaning on it." He was, was he? I hope you hav'nt been acting silly exclaimed the widow! "Indeed indeed Ma we hav'nt." Well then what on earth are you crying about? And she sobbed it out, why Ma you know I never was in love before, and I thought every girl cried the first time.

# Short Cuts.

There are probably very few, if any, whose lives have not been influenced in some degree, at least, by incidents that occurred in the morning years of their career. For my own part, I am free to confess that such has been my experience, and to this day I am haunted occasionally by the recollections of ghost stories with which an elderly maiden used to regale us youngsters through winter evenings, years and years ago. Many of the apparitions on which she dwelt most touchingly, were those of desperate young men assailing her in her evening walks, along the defiles of what were known as "short cuts." I hardly need remind my reader, that this term is applied to other things beside pathways: for example, there is a narcotic plant which boasts three patrons, namely, the tobacco worm, the rock goat of Scotland and man, which is manufactured to this appellation, and there is a sanitary institution in our penitentiaries that is thus denominated, and there is always a short cut to school, (a little longer than the turnpike.) as well as one to an apple orchard, and

this brings me to the one I am writing about.

We were in the cornfield on the western margin of Branch's pond, and across the Pachoag stood a tree loaded with "golden sweetings," which fairly beckoned us. How to reach it was the question, as the bridge was quite a distance down the stream. That pond was a natural basin above a rocky chasm of thirty or forty feet depth, a horror to look into with its assortment of snakes, and to hold back the water for mill use, a rude dam had been constructed probably in the days of the puritans, (and a rough one it was,) with a single log for its cap, on which a green slime had accumulated as well as on the rocks on either side the fall, slippery as ice. In dry times I had crossed on that log a hundred times. The flash boards were above water and I suggested that we try the log: done, said the man, and we started. I was barefoot and by working my toes through the slime, secured my footing step by step and had crossed. Turning to watch Kenyon in his attempt, what a shudder seized me! Poor fellow! he had taken but three steps, good gracious! he slipped and down he went, on the still more slippery rocks six feet below, and was sliding on the very verge of the chasm, his limbs hanging over it, his hands clenching the grassy slime while looking for a point upon

which to land in the yawning abyss! As luck, or good fortune would have it, he held for an instant, and inch by inch, crawled to a hemlock bough and climbed to the bank. He did not stop to look into the chasm or the orchard, but struck a bee line for the cornfield, while I, with what little tuck was left in me, steared for the bridge. It was the last time I ever attempted to walk that log, and such was the impression made upon me, if I was "going to the devil" tomorrow, instead of looking round for short cuts, I am sure I should take the old roundabout road.

## LIFE'S CHEER AND CLOUD.

O beautiful Nature, how lovely and fair,
How ordered to bless and to please;
In every appointment that mortals may share,
How perfect are all thy decrees.

How charming the omens of springtime appear,
To greet us and gladden once more;
The brindle wing'd larks and the robins are here,
The blue birds are e'en at our door.

How sweetly the blossoms burst out from the sere,
As snow drifts and tempests go by;
So time marks its transit through year after year,
And change stamps the ages that fly.

The grass of the meadow, the rose and the fearn,
The leaves of the forest decay,
To give us new buds for the summer return,
Fresh bloom for the verdure of May.

The reaper reminds of a harvest that's near,
To which we look forth with a sigh!
The garlands may wither, the bloom disappear,
But we, alas we to must die.

Alike as the leaves and the blossoms, e'en so,
Our season of bloom is soon o'er.
But not like the blossoms we mortals must go,
We, go to return, nevermore.

## NOT ALWAYS MAY.

It is not May the whole year round,
With grasses green and blossoms fair,
Else might the soul though heavenward bound,
Forget the road that brings it there.

To those who strive and those who sigh,
To they who list the murmuring sound,
Of toils and longings always nigh,
It is not May the whole year round.

The heart by heavy griefs oppressed,
And thoughts that haunt the silent mound,
By wearing cares and want depressed,
Finds not a May the whole year round.

O then how blest, how surely wise,
Are they who pierce the deep profound,
And seize the everlasting prize,
Of heavenly May's eternal round.

# Side Shows.

Well do I remember the occasion when I invested my first and only shilling at a show. Three monkeys, a six legged cow and an elephant were the cynosure. Inconsiderable as such a collection would now appear, it was then, large to me, and I recall no subsequent exhibition, of equal influence on my amazement and delight; African lions and Bengal tigers, the rinoceros and "guyascutas" had not yet begun their pilgrimages on wheels through the rural districts, and the laws of our state did not permit the "Knights of Palestine" to perform their evolutions on horseback, and the clown, that wonderful epitome of stale wit and obscenity, and white negro minstrels had not yet utilized their genius to the popular taste. But I have outlived the fascinations of caged beasts and the gorgeous trappings of the arena, though I rarely drive by one of those canvas octagons without halting to inspect the outside paraphernalia, for I still retain my weakness for the "side shows." I like these because they are cheap, and you come nearer getting your money's worth in them; and they are generally plastered on

the outside, with attractive pictures, to give an idea of the greater treat that awaits you inside the cloth. It is, however, not alone with traveling panoramas that these are found, life is full of side shows; the church has them in variety, in pic-nics, fairs, and festivals, in spelling matches and "musicales," and in almost every species of displays that will tempt Peter to disgorge his pence, in floral decorations on the pulpit, to show off the preacher as he oscilates to his logic and dangles his "gold fob-chain" while soliciting contributions from those whose only time piece is the town bell, or the steam whistle. Keep your eyes open and your wits clear, and you shall witness these scenic displays when you least expect to, and on occasions that will surprise you.

I was recently solicited as pall-beraer at a funeral which I declined, because my sympathetic nature lets down too easily. Ordinarily I follow the great command and "let the dead bury their dead," but there are cases when one is prompted by emotions akin to those of the village chorister, whose duty it was to "pitch the tune and line the hymn," at the obsequies of a wealthy distiller, and he raised his voice as they lifted the remains;

"Believing, we rejoice to see the cus removed."

This however, was not such a case. I will not stop

to detail the oft repeated "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," (how absurd, when there was nothing dry but the side-board. !) They were friends, and I was taken directly to the family room, to see the side show. A cluster of aunts and cousins had gathered around Aurelia Jane, who by this dispensation had become presiding mistress, to serve out the morning chocolate and evening yopon, and generally to use the spelling book on the flexible parts of the younger members of the household. What comments on this central figure—"Does'nt she look sweet in black !" "I do admire mourning." "Aurelia Jane's complexion is just the hue for crape, dont you say so major ?" The maternal head had bowed, and mourning was plenty but tears scarce ; no mention of earth lost or heaven gained, dress was the theme, and the beauty of blackness, that relic of barbarous times, in its ostentatious flaunt, the sole object of admiration. A gallows dirge to the cemetery and a "quick-step" home, and all was over.

In the side shows of life, give me the tunes that harmonize joy and toil ; at the sunrise of the soul. I want the songs that link sorrow and smiles in fair embrace.

# Inventive Genius.

No man has a greater respect for men of genius than I have ; I lift my hat as they pass, and where they sleep, my motto is, "tread lightly on the grave for they were akin to ye," but when inventive, is tacked on, they become horses of another color to me. Solomon said "there is nothing new under the sun," and he may have been right at that time, my memory does not reach back to his day, but the aphorism is obsolete now, or ought to be. When I built my house on this hill-top it took the best half of my fortune, and in hitching on inventions, I have nearly exhausted the balance and have no burglar alarm yet,—the most useful of all,—but fortunately those industrious workers know my circumstances, and play the Levite on me. Having no well, and yet anxious to present an indicative signal, I put an old fashioned sweep to my ten foot cistern and was happy. Samaritans seem to have always had a regard for me, and one came along who insisted upon putting a pump of an entirely new invention to my cistern. I looked at his pump, and then at the sweep, but his eloquence turned the scale, and the sweep, that old reminder of boyhood and farm life

came down. Somehow it struck me that the fellow pocketed the cash and drove off at a lively pace, but the pump was working. It was a sort of self acting machine, incomprehensible to me at first, but the next morning my cistern was dry. On examination I found he had punched a hole in the bottom for the working power of his machine, and like one of those hydraulic rams, as seven gallons of water went down, one quart came up, until the fountain caved in. Get out with your modern inventions, I like the old styles, the time honored ways. Our shoes used to wear a year; I hate these boots from the skin of a calf whose carcase is yet on the shambles; this clothing that rips before you are out of sight of the tailor. How well do I remember my first frock tailed coat! None of your flimsy collars like those modern ones! The soap was "goosed" in until it was as stiff as a hay stack; in the darkest of closets I could find that coat by its odor, and that soap never lost its fragrance until web and woof of the garment went into shoddy for this generation.

I have hoisted a guide board that points onward to "inventive genius."

## TO ———

IN RECOGNITION.

A matchless charm lurks in a pleasant smile,
A sweet salute before the hand's ungloved ;
A look benignant serves the moment's while,
A cordial greeting, e'er the lips have moved.

But when to all the rest we superadd,
The merry shout of gay and joyous cheer,
Before our feet have scraped the snowy pad,
We know full well, we have a welcome here.

'Twas morn, and fairies gathered round their queen,
And floral wreaths were spread in nature's hue,
And O I thought, how bright must be the scene,
At evening, prism'd through the green-house dew.

I would not write a tale for each fair face,
Nor tell how dressed the matron nor the maid,
For all appeared in faultless style and grace,
And loveliness was tastefully arrayed.

Seldom I write of scenes I meet in town,
And hardly dare these thoughts, but half express'd
And here I lay my faulty crayon down ;
Now "Lyd," dear girl, pray try and guess the rest.

## TO ANNA.

Adieu, adieu, my sister dear;
May skies be bright and breezes free,
And trusty tars the good ship stear,
As you go sailing o'er the sea.

Of sunny hours and pleasures rare,
Of golden mirth and joyous glee,
And sweet delights we've had our share,
O think of these when o'er the sea.

Adieu, adieu, my sister dear,
What more remains, O well we know,
A fond embrace, a sigh, a tear
Perhaps, ah yes, it must be so.

Ye gales that oft the ocean sweep,
And wake the mermaid's plaintive song,
O spare the keel that plows the deep,
While that loved sister sails along.

Adieu, adieu, my sister dear,
"Bon voyage" o'er to Franco's main,
And wheresoever else you stear,
Till home awakes to smiles again.

## LINES,

ON HEARING OF HALLECK'S MOCK BIRD'S HOME.

I never saw Loch Katrine's wave,
The bowers, isles or shore,
Nor caught the smile the lassie gave,
To cheer a rustic oar.

And yet from out the tangled mass,
That dots my home career,
By stream and plain and mountain pass,
I cull some fragments dear.

O is it there alone he takes,
His airy sylvan flights,
Are other shores and other lakes,
The winged-boy's delight?

Are not our own wide spreading plains,
Savannas green and fair,
Our inland seas and mountain chains,
Alike, his native air?

Where beauty lurks in tempting wile,
By mound or vale or stream,
And fragrance weaves a web the while,
There love delights to dream.

Not far from "Albi Cottage" grew,
Another trellised vine,
Whose bud and leaflet well I knew,
And dearly loved to twine.

A fragrant link in mem'rys chain,
A ray of spotless hue,
That school-maid's chant of wild refrain,
That bower's moon-lit dew.

And now to know his Mock Bird's trill,
Warbled that slope along,
Makes dear Mount Pleasant dearer still,
That perfumed home of song.

## ODE TO THE FLAG.

WRITTEN FOR THE VOLUNTEERS IN 1862.

O who will not cheer with a patriot's pride.
Our brave volunteers, through the gore crimsoned tide,
While onward they hasten though traitors defy,
To hold up that banner aloft in the sky?
God bless our old flag, with its blue field of stars,
Its arms and its trophies, its eagle and bars.

Shall freedom so cherished, the birthright we claim,
The cluster of garlands so sacred to fame,
The land of our Washington, hallowed in song,
Yield again to the power that has ruled it so long?
God bless our old flag, may it nevermore wave,
Over one inch of soil that is trod by a slave.

Unheeding the havoc of war's dreadful strife,
March on, gallant heroes, for national life!
While treason is gasping amidst the wild roar,
Your children will bless you a thousand times o'er.
God bless that old flag, it shall not be disgraced,
Nor a star ever dim'd, nor a stripe be erased.

When the tear has been wiped for our brave heroes
slain,
And the battle-field yields to the plowshare again,
What object so winning will gladden the eye,
As the folds of that banner spread out on the sky?
God bless that old flag, may it float ever free,
O'er our homes on the land, and our ships on the
sea.

When our voyage is ended, its perils are o'er,
And our bark rounded to on eternity's shore,
As nearing the scene where mortality ends,
We turn a last look on our country and friends,
God bless our old flag, may we still see its gleam,
Reflected untattered on life's ebbing stream.

## SONG OF REJOICING,

### ON THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

O loud be the anthems of heartfelt devotion,
Poured forth to Jehovah, the God we adore,
Over land lake and river, from ocean to ocean,
One People. one Nation, are we evermore.

Exultingly joyous from valley and mountain,
One chorus alike from the peaceful and brave,
Baptised in a tide from the heart's pierced fountain,
Too sacred our soil to be trod by a slave.

Oblivion extinguish the fires of dissention,
Remembrance recall not the errors of yore,
United and happy we wait that declension,
Alone shall o'ertake us when time is no more.

A tear for the brave who in conflict have perished.
Our sorrow is pure for the erring and true,
Since both were led forward by visions too cherish'd
And strangely unlike from the stand-point of view.

This gore crimson'd heritage fettered in union,
No tyrant dare threaten, no edict shall sever,
Our hearts throb in joyous harmonious communion,
One People, one Nation, one Banner forever.

## TOO TRUE.

Ah no! I cannot always sing,
Nor do I weep to know,
That Time e'er long will clip the string,
That trembles on my bow.

The long ago, a pleasing dream,
With many radiant hues,
Sheds but an evanescent gleam,
Along the path it strews.

Where once I caught the brightest ray,
A fading glow appears,
My auburn wears a tint of gray,
Sad mark of fading years.

I know not what may yet unfold,
Alas, this click of time,
The well worn muse now growing old,
Reluctant wakes to rhyme.

O give me back where memory floats,
When first my lute was strung,
And I could make my autumn notes,
Sweeter than all I've sung.

## A VALENTINE.

Till now I've longed but never sought,
In ways that thou could'st see,
To trespass on one moment's thought,
And win a smile from thee.

But something haunts me in my dreams,
I cannot chase away,
And something clad in beauty's beams,
Turns even night to day;

And tells me in the sweetest song,
Which mortal ever heard,
That hearts to kindred hearts belong,
As mates to beast and bird.

I list its song, I list its cheer,
I list each welcome claim,
As bending o'er my ravished ear,
It whispers Laura's name.

O listen thou, say when and how,
The heart already thine,
And bid me now repeat the vow,
Your proffered Valentine.

## NO FAULT OF MINE.

What tumult was there, "to be sure,"
What hustling and jostling and stew;
As much as a saint could endure,
When once it was known I was due!

Had a Prince been coming "en train,"
Mid racket and rockets and roar,
They all would have stared, but 'twas plain,
A greater was then at our door.

Of course in such cases we know,
No pretext will serve for delay.
No latitude given for show,
Just simply to hear and obey.

Now if, as our Theologs say,
Born again, 'tis essential to be,
Pray hint at some easier way;
That process will not do for me.

Could mortal perform such a task?
O tell me, in pity's great name;
Wonder not at the question I ask,
Nicodemus propounded the same.

In closing this uneven year,
I'm glad I remember so well,
'Twas thus I began my career,
Saluting all hands with a yell.

## NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

There is'nt a doubt that I could,
If only the ladies would let me,
Remodel some things, and I would,
In ways they should never forget me.

For instance, this spreading a trail,
A yard and three quarters and better,
A head like a masculine quail,
When flushed to the wing by a setter.

That hanging a fan on the arm,
Thermometers ranging at zero,
A musical clock and alarm,
Enough for the pluck of a hero.

If furnished with joke, or a story,
No matter how funny or rare,
A romance of love or of glory,
We never can squeeze it in there.

I'm not over partial to wine,
Am suited with coffee or broma,
Contented with tea if it's fine,
And sends forth the hysen aroma.

I like the old fashioned style,
A good hearty shake of the hand,
And still sweeter kiss ; for the while,
Just there I am willing to stand.

There's an odor remarkably sweet,
Exhaled from an unpowdered cheek,
I've rarely been favored to meet,
But followed me all through the week.

And now to the ladies, God bless you,
A word I would say in conclusion ;
No one could more kindly address you.
Dont put on such gorgeous profusion !

## A REMINISCENCE.

'Twas a cold March day, and the snow on the hills,
Was eddying wildly away,
To lodge in the mosses and wait for the rills,
That usher the blossoms of May.

I stood on the cliff overhung by a crag,
With icicles wreathed like a toy,
As homeward from school, with his books and his bag,
Came gaily, a barefooted boy.

And pray, I exclaimed, are you wading through snow,
Without any stockings or shoes?
"My parents are poor sir, and so as you know,
We cannot have all that we choose."

I drew the dear rosy-cheek close to my breast,
And smoothed back his ringlets of jet,
And took out my purse which I slip'd in his vest.
With feelings I ne'er shall forget.

A tear trickled down as he looked up and smiled,
And sob'd out a half uttered "thank ye."

And down the long slope where the gale whistled
wild,
Away went the barefooted yankee.

He's a clergyman now, with a style that is chaste,
And language that few can employ,
The lad that I met on the snow covered waste,
The same little barefooted boy,

Years have gone by, and a dearly loved name,
I watched for through many a day,
Is carried aloft on the wreathings of fame,
And there I am sure it will stay.

And oft in my dreams I am borne to the spot,
And cheered by that impulse of joy,
Which shone through a tear as it dawn'd on the lot,
Of the rosy cheek barefooted boy.

## THE SEVERED LINK.

In humble cot, by lonely stream,
There dwelt a nameless shrew,
Where oft we heard a piteous scream,
And well the voice we knew.

A ruddy, dimpled chin brunette,
Of summers barely nine,
Despite the old one's flail and fret,
I dreamed, would some day shine.

Through distant scenes my pathway led,
And years had rolled away,
And oft I wondered who had fed,
And clothed the little stray.

A western town, a morning call,
The Belle, their village pet,
Ah well do I remember all!
'Twas there, by chance, we met.

A cheerful home, a lovely place,
Each early trait o'ercame,
And won for charms and winning face.
A fairly glowing fame.

Lips tinged to bless, a tempting mark,
A smile without a cloud,
Too brilliant prize for village spark,
And even I. had bowed.

Time wore, and yet no answer came;
Could post have gone áwry?
At length a note, nor date nor name,
Too plainly told me why.

"An aching heart responds. in vain!
The hand my young tress curled,
Should not re-link that severed chain,
For all this wide, wide world."

How oft an early blight will tinge,
Life's current's onward flow,
And spread its ray of jetty fringe,
On every path we go!

## DAY-DREAMS.

I've lived my life long upon dreams,
Of castles and mansions and bowers,
And sometimes the sunniest beams,
Have burnished my dreariest hours.

It is true that one grows not so fat,
On a purely ideal repast,
As mutton and beef, and all that,
But we all come to shadows at last.

My locks slghtly whitened by time,
Remind me of seasons gone by,
And much that I once thought sublime,
I now only view with a sigh.

I've sometimes desired better things,
Than phantoms that fade with the dawn,
But the best that earth yields is on wings,
And flashes, and fades, and is gone.

Yet why should I murmur and pine,
When haply mid longings I'm tossed?
I've dreams of the future that shine,
As bright as the brightest I've lost.

Even now, from that region of dreams,
Sweet murmurs come floating along,
That point to utopian streams,
Which cannot be measured in song.

## HOW IS IT ?

They tell me that love, like the rose, is replete,
With fragrance and beauty combined ;
That once having drank at a fountain so sweet,
You'll always be that way inclined.

They tell me it never intends any harm,
You're conscious the moment you near it,
Its winks and its blinks have a wonderful charm,
And e'en when it whispers you hear it.

They tell me sometimes, with apparent delight,
There is such a pleasure in winning ;
They say there are some who bewitch you at sight,
Now girls, dont you think that is sinning ?

They tell me so much, I can hardly believe,
And sometimes resolve to defy it,
Yet sometimes have longings I ought to relieve,
And sometimes I think I will try it.

Of one thing I'm certain, have thought it all o'er
When lately I found myself kneeling,
I never was half so UNconscious before,
And never had any such feeling.

At first I was charmed, and then I was vexed,
I knew she expected the visit,
By something she told me, that so much perplex'd,
Now girls, wont you tell me, how is it ?

## LOVE-NAMES.

Of course you have heard of the Browns,
In numbers, at least, they are strong ,
However it be in your towns,
The list in our cities is long.

The Johnsons, the Smiths and the Moors,
Are all very nice in their way,
But these are all mentioned in scores ;
Of such I have nothing to say.

I'm writing for those who are learned,
In the genealogical chain,
Of two, that distinction have earned,
Beginning and ending my strain.

A season or two have gone by,
Since one of the former came round ;
At first it was all in my eye,
But afterward deeper, I found.

I was strong in the faith for awhile,
And many a charming sweet hour,
I sat by and worshiped her smile,
And bowed to its magical power.

Mutations oft bring in their train,
A solace our sorrows to drown,
And this, e'en to me, since again,
I'm suddenly thrown on the town.

Now, the family nest is alive,
A buzzing 'mongst even the drones,
And the loveliest Bee of the hive,
Has the singular sobriquet,—Jones.

## TO A FLY,

### THAT TRAILED MY INK.

The world is wide, the air is free,
There's room enough for you and me,
Then let us not disturb each other;
I am your friend, an elder brother,
Go, trudge along.

Had I like you, a pair of wings,
Could lift me from this nest of strings,
That bind me down to trifling things,

I'd slake my thirst at purer springs,
And join your song.

How many creatures God has blest,
With ample scope for toil and rest,
Who ne'er employ their nobler powers,
But waste their precious, golden hours,
Devoid of shame!

Or led by chance, too often stray,
Where others strive from day to day,
The higher impulse to obey,
Along some bright and shining way,
To carve their name.

Poor fly, although thy lot is cast,
Only a scavenger to be,
Thy working day will soon be past,
Alas how soon, and thou art free,
Thy race is run.

O when my day grows chill and dark,
And I must yield this vital spark,
Great God direct my fragile bark,
So I attain that shining mark,
Through grace, well done!

## MEDITATION.

The column is thinning, how many are gone,
Whose morning gave cheer to our own at its dawn,
And friendships congenial, how few do we meet,
Of those it was once so delightful to greet.

Yes, constantly thinning, why should we delay,
When so many fetters are wearing away;
Each day brings us nearer, still nearer the goal,
Where shackels must melt into wings for the soul.

Now timid and faint, with a glimmering ray,
Hope hangs out its lamp on our eddying way,
Anon, through the mists faith distinctly discerns,
Where incense celestial unceasingly burns.

O who would live on, still allured by the dream,
That sometimes enlivens the flow of life's stream,
But waves intervene, and the valley seems wide,
The billows are dark, and we shrink from the tide.

Ah yes, it is thinning; on yonder green shore,
So many of loved ones already crossed o'er,
So peaceful that haven, so sweet is their song,
We almost regret that we tarry so long.

Beyond the bright stars and the ether so blue,
The Saviour our pilot to guide us on through,
There all that's congenial will sweetly appear,
And those we have loved will forever be near.

## AN EPISODE,

### OF ADAMS AND CLAY.

The story is told of that gallant old pair,
Alas, they have gone to their rest;
One breathed in New England his own native air,
The other belonged to the west.

'Twas over the sea, in the country of Tell,
Where roses are fresh in their bloom,
Alike on the cheek of the maid and the belle,
Emitting a tempting perfume.

The lids of the one held a miniature lake,
Reposing unceasingly there;
How strange for a Switzerland maid to mistake,
That queer little lake for a tear.

This gallant retired with a flea in his ear,
The other still lingered behind,
Intent on the prize he regarded so dear;
Oh vanity, why wert thou blind?

In taking his leave of the maid at the Inn,
He bowed, but alas for his fate.
She stoutly declared it a positive sin.
Forbid by the church and the state.

Now maids of all lands, have a delicate sense,
Of propriety, sometimes constrained,
And frown a rebuke on a flimsy pretense,
Yet boast of the victory gained.

One moment he looked in that innocent face,
How could he the blunder amend?
And only enquired with his usual grace,
Had such been the fate of his friend?

The beautiful Swiss tried in vain to repress,
The blush that had tinged her surprise,
"Indeed sir he'll tell you, although I confess,
He beg'd me, with tears in his eyes."

## IST TRUE?

They tell me I am growing old,
And point what marks betray;
I scarce believe, though often told,
And yet my locks are gray.

Spring, with its gems so bright and fair,
And summer breezes free,
And e'en the snow flakes in the air,
Have still their charms for me.

I may not sing as once I sung,
Nor light my bow be drawn,
The harp cannot be counted young,
With sixty summers gone.

And yet I list the merry sound,
Of youthful voices near,
And hail the seasons in their round,
With all my former cheer.

Yet soon, ah soon the lengthening scroll,
Must tell on me and mine,
These merry seasons cease to roll,
My sun refuse to shine.

Alas, e'en so: the fairest sky,
At length is overcast,
Our evening shadows hover nigh,
And life's bright dream is past.

## SPECIALITIES.

As a general rule. I have an antipathy to these, but there are exceptions. When a tradesman says such and such articles are specialities with him I go by, satisfied that he knows more about them than I do. His bacon, two cents below the market, was soured before it reached the smoke house, his cheap oolong, has been kept too long, his American java is Canada peas. An intelligence office, next door to a milk depot, has a sign, "wet nurses a speciality."—I never go there,—A sunday school superintendent handed me a private business card, "pure bourbon a speciality,"—I like liquor for some uses, but his was too much rectified, and I like sunday schools, but prefer them "straight," that is, without whiskey. My preacher has a penchant for special discourses, and one of his late themes was "unleavened bread." which he kneaded and kneaded until I was seized with shortening on the brain, which was nearly fatal in its results to my pig, indeed so great was the jeopardy that but for a timely suggestion, that it was the only curl he had, he would have lost his narative. This idea of "specialities," is not as many

imagine, a modern one, more than fifty years ago, when the whipping post in Connecticut, stood in front of the church where it ought to stand, so that penitence and atonement might be under the droppings of the sanctuary, and they marched deserving men up to the tune of the cat-o-nine, Cain Bromley had for the third time submitted to the ordeal, and when the officer proposed to bathe his stripes with brandy, replied, "hardly worth while, but I make it a speciality to take a little inwardly after exercises of this sort.

Exceptions.—I have a hen that is useful in her way, though she lays no eggs, a kind of dry nurse to orphan chickens, and so affluent is her flow of affection for them, we count her a speciality.—An old clergyman whose salary had run behind hand, being complained of by his parishioners for wandering from his themes, announced a special discourse from Matthew 7th and 12th. In his exordium he declared his purpose to have a practical bearing on his hearers, which they recognized, as he rounded off with an eloquent peroration, "pay up." And they sang with unusual unction,

"We are on our journey home."

## SCHOOL GIRLS.

Jolly, good natured, winsome creatures, fond of fun, without guile, and always in for a good time.

I had no juvenile years, like others, was always young, and am now, but my boyhood only dawned after I had turned my thirtieth year, and I cannot say I regret it, though I sometimes fear, lest I may like others, become childish in age. And now for the girls,—I liked them all, but my especial fancy was for those of the "graduate class," and it was a little singular that many of them claimed to belong to the class for a half dozen years after they received their diplomas, insisting that the practical parts of education were yet to be learned. I had no reason to dispute them, inasmuch as they were not young enough to be shy, pert, ready to "tell ma" and all that sort of thing, nor old enough to be hesitating, suspicious, full of angularities, in short, they were at just the right age to trust implicitly, and they knew I would never betray them. How often they made me their confidant, always prefacing "now I would'nt tell any body else in the round world :" and may be they would not, how many young fel-

lows would have given their best beavers to know what I knew without asking, and especially their own status in the girls' esteem. I never was too busy to listen to their tales of trouble or delight, and always pledged fealty to their proposals, and never permitted any press of business or engagements to interfere with my custom of giving two days of the year exclusively to the girls,—in spring to Maying, and in autumn, for games on the lawn free range of the premises, and a general good time How grapes would disappear and pears melt away! what splendid eaters they were and what capacities they had! I knew when to expect them and could hear their merry laugh down the cedar path before they came in sight, always met them at the big chestnut, to bid them welcome, and say, to their infinite delight "now us girls will have a good time," to which the hearty response was, "that's just what us girls are in for." Those were merry days, and gay scenes, not easily forgotten, but the crowning triumph was at the supper table. Our Bill of Fare suited for both seasons, and was unvarying. What elegant appetites, and how much they could stow away without even winking! We were not wholly unobserved, two or three old maids peaked through the blinds, and a few curious mothers usually came in for the

feast, and if Maggie or Jeannie or Kate were noisy, would frown, but woe to the matron that opened her lips to chide. There was one, I would gladly have had with us, but the girls were unwilling, and outvoted me. She was the raggedest, jolliest, and prettiest girl I ever knew, the soul of wit, a charm in conversation, with a heart full of kindness. I always filled a tray and sent round to her after the others were gone; she understood me. She is wife to a millionaire now, as beautiful as ever, and our friendship is unbroken.

Those days are gone by, the girls have grown to womanhood, some of them are now mothers, in the round of life we meet, always cordially, but I can sometimes detect a twinkle of the eye that seems to say, "your days of fun, old fellow, are over as well as ours."

Yes, they are partly over. Spring comes with its blossoms and autumn with its fruits, but the merry shout of the girls has died away in an echo, and a pair of young eyes now glare on all my walks, and an active brain runs its fibres along my ways, and perhaps it is well, though I shall never cease to regret that blunder in nature, which has allotted near sightedness to so few, and limited it to the retina of vision.

## LIFE'S INEQUALITIES.

It is one thing to live in the country, with open landscapes and free air, and quite a different one to be wedged into a brown stone oven in the city, and only gaze at your neighbor's curtained windows, or the heedless croud that goes by. I need hardly to speak of the former, for to know its beauties and enjoy its charms, one must as the showmen say, go there. What the city has not, the country has, and fortunately for "us rurals" the reverse is very true in regard to much that breeds sorrow, and in many ways that make life's inequalities plainly apparent. There is however, a midway style which serves as a sort of "mild cathartic" to the mental taste, at once healthful and instructive; it is to live near a station ten miles out, make daily trips on your commuting ticket, be punched down, punched through the city and then punched home again. There is variety in this, and opportunity to study character, the most interesting of all studies to me. On the train and the ferry boat you may inspect the last fashion and the last year's, in brow beating flaunt, while modesty sits by with staring longing eyes, wondering why

the rays of a lucky star could not as well have illumined their own paths, as well as those of others perhaps not half as competent to appreciate.

It was one of the charming mornings of spring as I entered the well filled car, every seat but one was occupied and from that a bright morning glory face was turned toward me, as much as to say, here is a seat for you, to which I started with promptness. I had hardly taken the seat before I discovered an odor that could be endured, but was not agreeable and as retreat was not easy, I resolved to endure it. We readily scraped acquaintance, and I found her exceedingly agreeable in all respects save the one of fragrance. We talked of the city and its charms of fashion and its votaries, of the country and its fascinations, of cornfields and water melons, blooming heather and forget-me-nots, of perfumes tropical and polar, I am familiar with many of these, but the one around me was an odd one and I resorted to strategy to ascertain its compound. I spoke of my horse, my cow, my chickens and dog, and finally of our favorite maltese ! The color rose to her cheek, the secret was out ; that magical word cat, had solved the mystery, and I thought of life and its advantages so strangely allotted. Many of our city belles, puttied and painted, would give almost

their eye teeth for such a face as this, though they are loaded with silks and satins and jewels to adorn them are furnished with closets and bureaus and Saratoga trunks, to hold their used and unused regalia, while here was rustic health and primrose beauty, rare and charming, with probably but one brocade to serve alike at the country church and the village ball, and now brushed for a Broadway promenade, and at home, no wardrobe but a peg in the attic, where the homestead mousers enact their nocturnal carousals.

O ye whose haunts are along the affluent streams of life, whose joys are amid its merry dance, envy not the modest country maiden, her features sweet and cheeks of bloom, but rather turn with cheering and kindly smiles, on the beautiful but poor.

## A NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

She had read Ovid, and I had not,—She was a widow, and I did not know it. It is one of the peculiarities of that mountain atmosphere along the old National Turnpike, that where grief does not strike in, its traces are easily obliterated by healthy airs that sweep that American Switzerland.

I knew Mr. James Reeside in mail coach times, when Uncle Sam counted him king coachman, but his star was waning, and one of his last efforts was an opposition line against the more flourishing competitors in the transporting of mails and passengers between Baltimore and Wheeling. Meeting me at Barnum's, he proposed to ride with me to Frederic and see that I was well seated in one of his coaches for a ride over the mountains. Those who remember the old strap rail road, with granite ties, where the "Baltimore and Ohio" now winds its way, will also remember the comfortless cars without springs, and their thundering rattle as they drove along, at twelve miles an hour, but Reeside was rich in anecdote, and our six hours ride was a charming one to me, notwithstanding one or two bruises and warts

which I have retained as talismen of my ride, with that genial friend who has now crossed to a country where stages are not needed, and competition is not known.

As coach after coach started off with a full load, "through passengers" having preference, I began to be a little anxious about my chance, but my friend understood the case, and as the last one came round for its freight, a gentlemanly "broad brim" handed into the coach, one of those mild, sweet faces, rarely met, with large lustrous eyes, as soft as a Gazelles. Bidding me good by, Mr. R. turned to the quaker, "if my friend proves as agreeable to your niece as he has been to me, I doubt not they will find the road only too short," and we were off.

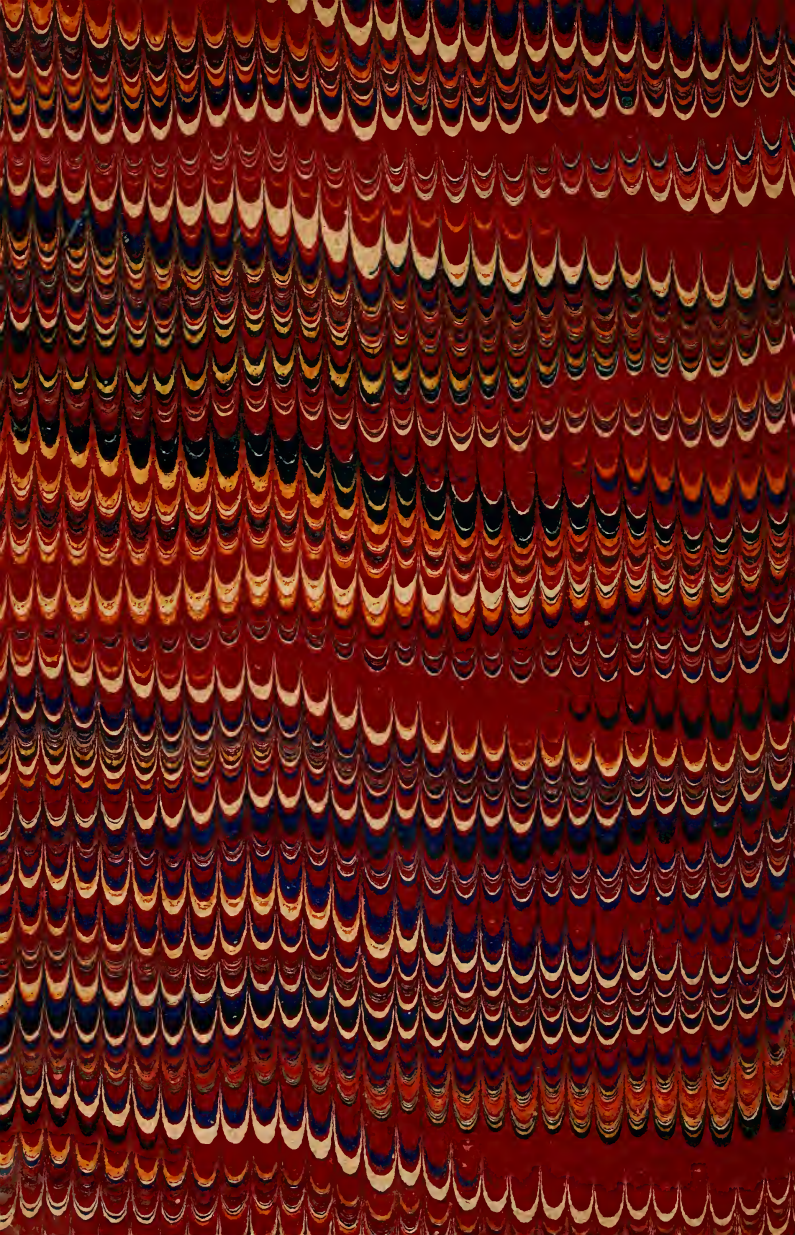
Talk of railway rides as pleasant, where every passenger is absorbed in his or her own thoughts, and you are whizzed by objects, too rapidly for notice or comment, and ten to one your best stories wake only a monosyllable in response; in staging it is different. your team trots the level, canters down hill, and walks up: the landscapes around, are your eye-feasts, and their treasures your delight, which seen through two pairs of eyes instead of one, grow doubly enchanting. After so pleasant an introduction, my charming "companion du voyage" and I

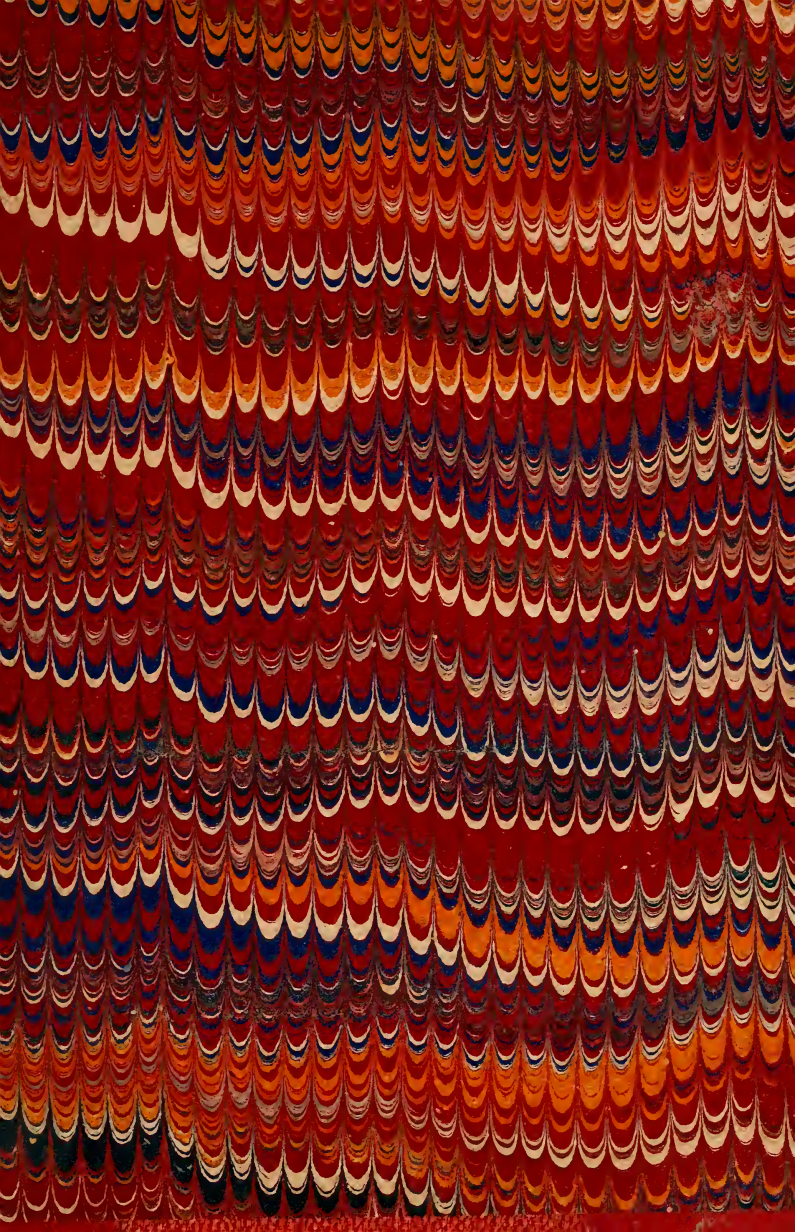
had little trouble in making acquaintance.

The sun was going down the western sky, night was coming on, and if we would read each other's thoughts by optical aid, it was important to adhere to the adage, "make hay while the sun shines," and enjoy it in the shadows. How beautiful were the hills, as we gazed together; how lovely the valleys as we looked through the same window; how clear the mountain streams as we saw them with our twin eyes; how light was the jolting when we braced each other; how soft the cushions as we sat at ease. Twilight was gone, and the birds were in dreams. How cloudless was the night when neither looked out. Was ever sky so needlessly starry, when both were stone blind? We improvised romance, and became romantic. We talked of flowers and their fragrance came on the night air. We hinted at love and Eden blossomed in the coach, and the perfume of paradise enveloped us. How guilelessly did she speak of the erring of Eve, counting it a blunder of her honey-moon. The stage halted, but we kept on, the horses were changed, but we knew it not,— We reckoned neither the receding miles nor flight of the hours, until the curtains were drawn and the morning sunbeams were illuminating the crest of Laurel Hill. Looking from the summit, there lay

Uniontown, seven miles down the valley, where we were to part, to meet again, perhaps never! O time what a truant thou art, when we would gladly have thee linger! It seemed but a span, and we were in the outskirts of the village. Leaning to the window she pointed to a mound and to one particular ridge, over which a willow wept; "it is a year to day; he was mine but five months, but they were beautiful months."

I was speechless,—a dim and watery haze came over my vision,—a single star on memory's disc,—one only glimmering ray of consciousness remained. —but yesterday, I was a pupil to Calvin.—to day, a Hicksite Quaker.





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